The ayme of all is but to nourſe the life,
With honor, wealth, and eaſe in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his luſt,
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake.
Then where is truth if there be no ſelfe-truſt?
When ſhall he thinke to find a ſtranger iuſt,
When he himſelfe, himſelfe confounds, betraies,
To ſclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now

Now ſtole vppon the time the dead
When heauie ſleeep had cloſd vp
No comfortable ſtarre did lend his li
No noiſe but Owles, & wolues deat
Now ſerues the ſeaſon that they may
The ſillie Lambes, pure thoughts
While Luſt and Murder wakes to

And now this luſtfull Lord leapt from
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his a
Is madly toſt betweene deſire and dre
Th'one ſweetely flatters, th'other fear
But honeſt feare, bewicht with luſtes f
Doth too too oft betake him to re
Beaten away by braineſicke rude

His Faulchon on a flint he ſoftly ſmite
That from the could ſtone ſparkes of
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he
Which muſt be lodeſtarre to his luſt
And to the flame thus ſpeakes aduiſed
As from this cold flint I enforſt this
So LVCRECE muſt I force to my